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FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS-- TERROR SLEPT UNDER THE MOUNDS OF A NEW ENGLAND GRAVEYARD! BUT A MYSTIC CIRCLE ROUSED TWO FIENDISH SPIRITS FROM THE BONDAGE OF THE TOMB-- AND THE EVIL THAT STALKED THE LONELY HAMLETS OF LONG AGO RETURNED TO EARTH IN THE DREAD FORM OF THE RAVEN SISTERS!

The RAVEN SISTERS

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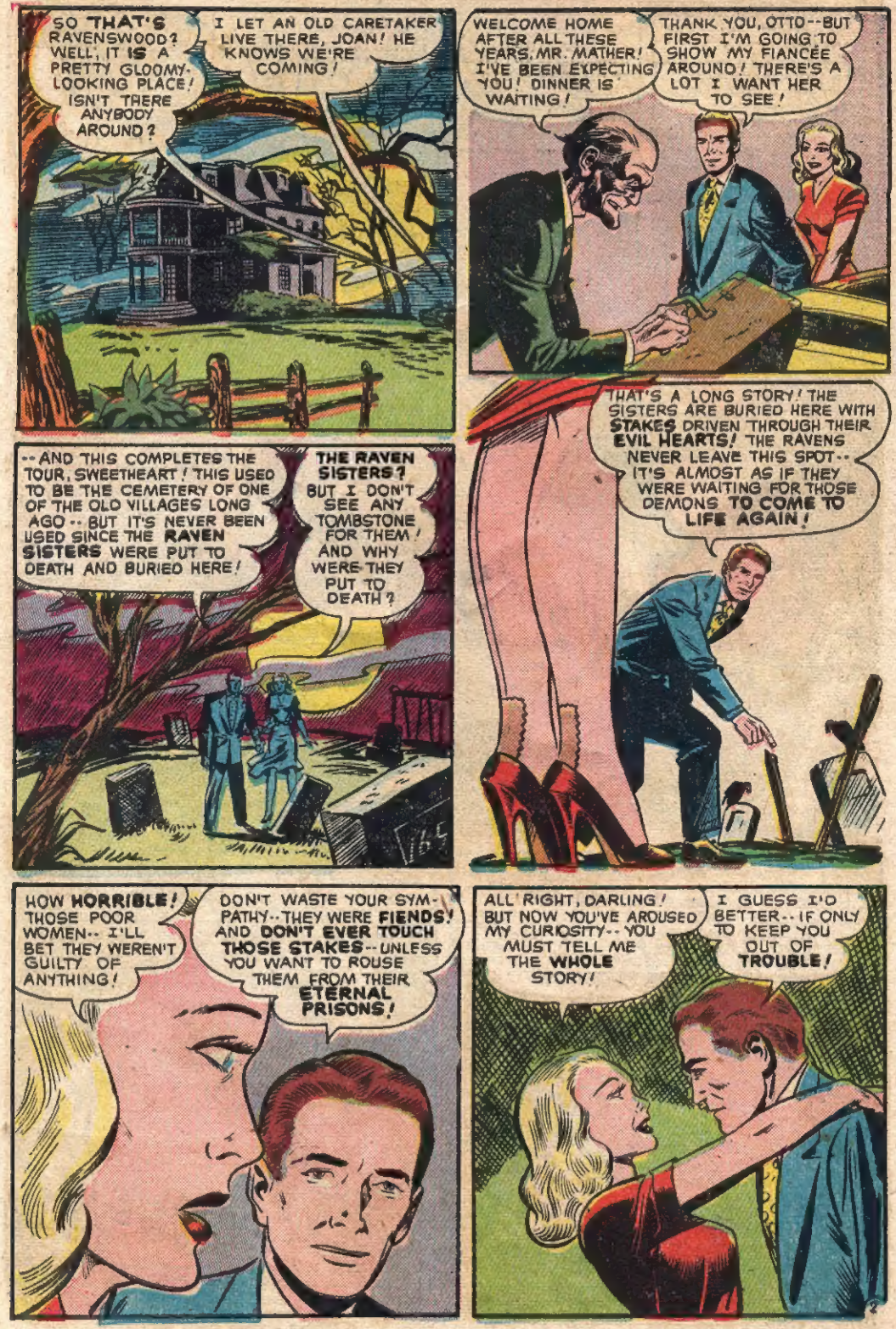

SO THAT'S RAVENSWOOD? WELL, IT IS A PRETTY GLOOMY-LOOKING PLACE! ISN'T THERE ANYBODY AROUND?
I LET AN OLD CARETAKER LIVE THERE, JOAN! HE KNOWS WE'RE COMING!
WELCOME HOME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, MR. MATHER! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU! DINNER IS WAITING!
THANK YOU, OTTO--BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO SHOW MY FIANCÉE AROUND! THERE'S A LOT I WANT HER TO SEE!
--AND THIS COMPLETES THE TOUR, SWEETHEART! THIS USED TO BE THE CEMETERY OF ONE OF THE OLD VILLAGES LONG AGO -- BUT IT'S NEVER BEEN USED SINCE THE RAVEN SISTERS WERE PUT TO DEATH AND BURIED HERE!
THE RAVEN SISTERS? BUT I DON'T SEE ANY TOMBSTONE FOR THEM! AND WHY WERE THEY PUT TO DEATH?
THAT'S A LONG STORY! THE SISTERS ARE BURIED HERE WITH STAKES DRIVEN THROUGH THEIR EVIL HEARTS! THE RAVENS NEVER LEAVE THIS SPOT-- IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY WERE WAITING FOR THOSE DEMONS TO COME TO LIFE AGAIN!
HOW HORRIBLE! THOSE POOR WOMEN-- I'LL BET THEY WEREN'T GUILTY OF ANYTHING!
DON'T WASTE YOUR SYMPATHY--THEY WERE FIENDS! AND DON'T EVER TOUCH THOSE STAKES--UNLESS YOU WANT TO ROUSE THEM FROM THEIR ETERNAL PRISONS!
ALL RIGHT, DARLING! BUT NOW YOU'VE AROUSED MY CURIOSITY-- YOU MUST TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY!
I GUESS I'D BETTER-- IF ONLY TO KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE!

LATER, INSIDE THE ANCIENT HOUSE--
OVER 300 YEARS AGO, THE RAVEN SISTERS LIVED IN THIS HOUSE WITH A CRAZY OLD AUNT--WHO DIED MYSTERIOUSLY! AFTER THAT, THE SISTERS LIVED COMPLETELY ALONE, WHICH WAS JUST TO THEIR LIKING! NOBODY EVER DARED TO COME NEAR THE PLACE--
"AS CHILDREN, THEY'D KILL SMALL BIRDS AND ANIMALS--ANY LIVING THING THEY GOT HOLD OF, THEY TORTURED! BUT THEIR FAVORITE GAME WAS BURNING DOLLS AT THE STAKE--"
"LATER, THEY GREW TIRED OF MERE GAMES AND BEGAN VICTIMIZING STRAY TRAVELERS WHO PASSED NEAR A SECRET CAVE SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE! IT WAS SAID THAT THEY BECAME VAMPIRES!"
"...THEY BURIED THEIR VICTIMS IN THE GRAVEYARD, CALLING UPON EVIL SPIRITS TO HELP THEM IN THEIR FIENDISH WORK! SOON, THEY BECAME POSSESSED OF SUPERNATURAL POWERS... AND NO ONE WAS SAFE FROM THEM!"
"THE TERRIFIED TOWNSPEOPLE BANDED TOGETHER FOR SAFETY--BUT NO ONE KNEW THE CAUSE OF THE MANY KIDNAPPINGS AND MURDERS!"
WE MUST FIND AND DESTROY THE LUNATIC KILLERS! NO ONE IS SAFE WHILE THE DEMONS LIVE!
YES! WE MUST HAVE ACTION!
"... IN THEIR TERROR, THE VILLAGERS BEGAN HANGING EVERY KIND OF CRIMINAL!"
"... AND YOUNG WOMEN WERE OFTEN BURNED AS WITCHES WITHOUT TRIAL! HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE DIED HORRIBLY BECAUSE OF THE EVIL WORK OF THE RAVEN SISTERS!"
LET THE WITCHES BURN!

"WHEN THE DEMONS LEARNED TO TAKE THE FORM OF IMMENSE RAVENS, THEY SCATTERED TERROR FAR AND WIDE -- DRAGGING THEIR HELPLESS VICTIMS TO THE SECRET CAVE!"

"AND THERE THE HELPLESS SOULS WERE CHAINED -- AWAITING AN INEVITABLE END!"

"ONE DAY, A HUNTER SPIED THAT AT THEIR GRISLY WORK--"

BULLETS ARE USELESS AGAINST BLACK POWERS OF EVIL SPIRITS THEY MUST BE FOUGHT WITH THEIR OWN MAGIC!

BANG!

HELP! HELP!

"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, HE READ THE FORBIDDEN BOOKS OF ANCIENT SORCERERS--"

NOW I CAN USE THEIR EVIL ARTS AGAINST THEM! IN ORDER TO KILL WITCHES, A WOODEN STAKE MUST BE DRIVEN THROUGH THEIR HEARTS!

"HE LEARNED TO THROW DEADLY WOODEN JAVELINS WITH UNERRING ACCURACY--"

NOW IF I CAN FIND THESE MANIACS, I'LL PUT AND END TO THEIR UNHOLY ACTS OF TERROR!

THUD!

"AFTER PATIENT TRACKING, HE CAME UPON THIS HOUSE -- JUST AS THE RAVEN SISTERS WERE DRAGGING A VICTIM WITHIN--"

AT LAST! AND NOW TO STRIKE!

YOUR REIGN OF EVIL AND DEATH IS AT AN END, DEMONS! PREPARE FOR YOUR DOOM!
HELP!

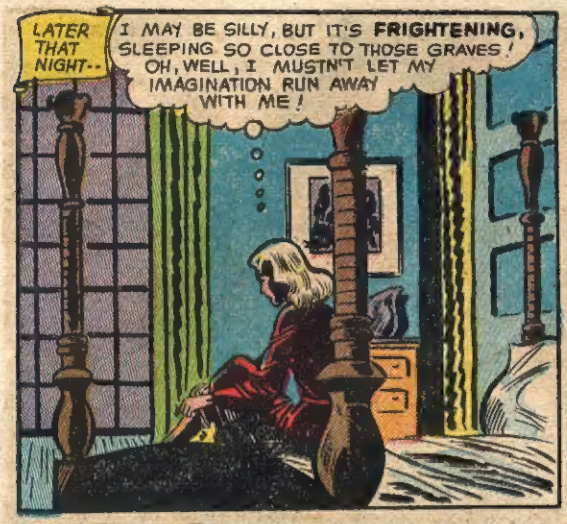
"THE MAN'S AIM WAS DEADLY TRUE! NOT EVEN THEIR SORCERY COULD SAVE THEM!"
AAAAAAAGH-H!

" AND LATER--"
THERE THEY WILL LIE PINNED IN DEATH FOR ALL ETERNITY! NOW WE CAN LIVE IN PEACE!

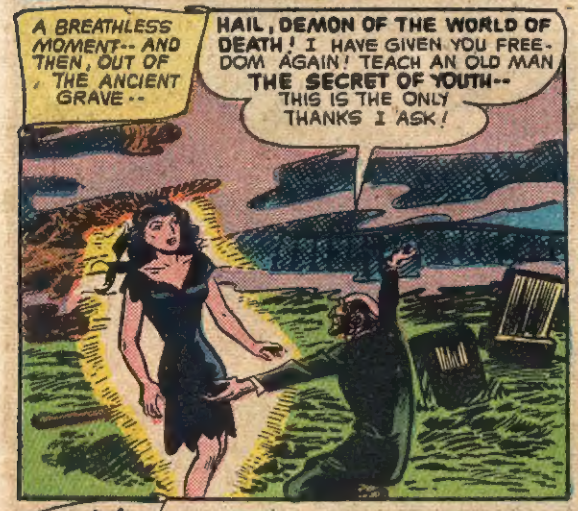
HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU? I SHALL BE GRATEFUL TO YOU-- FOREVER!
YOUR LIPS-- ARE THANKS ENOUGH FOR ME!

THAT'S THE STORY, JOAN! THE RAVEN SISTERS WILL LIE OUT THERE TILL THE END OF TIME-- UNLESS SOMEONE IS STUPID ENOUGH TO DISTURB THOSE STAKES!
YOU MEAN THAT IF THOSE STAKES ARE PULLED OUT, THEY CAN BE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE?

EXACTLY, HONEY-- BUT, WHOEVER WAS EVIL ENOUGH TO WANT TO DO IT WOULD HAVE TO KNOW THIS SECRET-- A CIRCLE OF BLOOD FROM HIS OWN BODY MUST BE DRAWN ON THE GRAVE! I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY CRAZY ENOUGH TO DO THAT!


LATER THAT NIGHT--
I MAY BE SILLY, BUT IT'S FRIGHTENING, SLEEPING SO CLOSE TO THOSE GRAVES! OH, WELL, I MUSTN'T LET MY IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH ME!

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, JOAN'S FEARS ARE BECOMING STARK REALITY!
SOON, SOON, OH, IMPRISONED ONES! I HAVE WAITED A LIFETIME TO LEARN THE GUARDED SECRET OF THE CIRCLE OF BLOOD! IN A MOMENT THE VITAL FORCES WILL BE RETURNED TO YOUR BLACK SOULS -- AND TOGETHER WE WILL RULE BY TERROR!


A BREATHLESS MOMENT-- AND THEN, OUT OF THE ANCIENT GRAVE--
HAIL, DEMON OF THE WORLD OF DEATH! I HAVE GIVEN YOU FREEDOM AGAIN! TEACH AN OLD MAN THE SECRET OF YOUTH-- THIS IS THE ONLY THANKS I ASK!

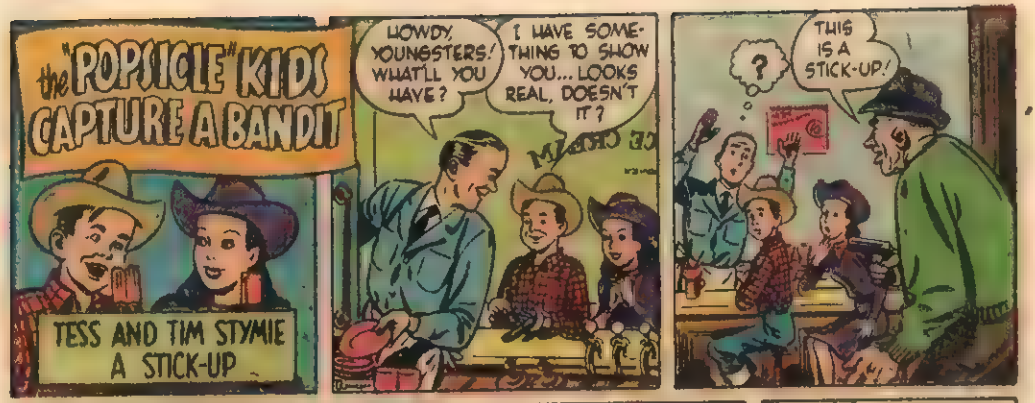
BUT OTTO QUICKLY LEARNS THAT THE WAGE OF SIN IS DEATH!
YOU STUPID MORTALS KNOW NOT THE EVIL OF THE LOWER WORLDS! LET ALL MORTALS BEWARE! YOU DIE-- BUT YOUR BLOOD SHALL RELEASE MY SLEEPING SISTER!

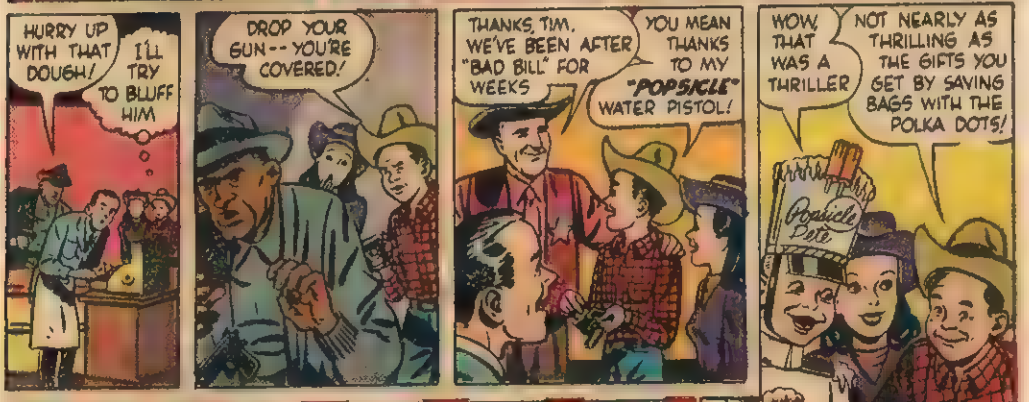
Meanwhile...
I'M MUCH TOO RESTLESS TO SLEEP! I WISH THOSE RAVENS WOULD STOP FLAPPING AROUND THE BALCONY-- THEY KEEP REMINDING ME OF THAT TERRIBLE STORY!

SUDDENLY, FLUTTERING OUT OF THE SPECTRAL GLOOM--
NO! NO! LARRY! HELP!

AS THE SHOUT CARRIES FAINTLY TO LARRY'S EARS--
WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE JOAN'S VOICE!
SHE'S GONE! SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE-- AND THIS RAVEN'S FEATHER ON THE FLOOR! COULD IT BE... JOAN! JOAN! WHERE ARE YOU?
OUTSIDE-- THE TERRIBLE TRUTH IS REVEALED
THE RAVEN SISTERS ARE FREE AGAIN! I MUST SAVE JOAN BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! BUT WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE IS THE CAVE? HOW CAN I FOLLOW PHANTOMS WHICH LEAVE NO TRACK?
AWOOO

THEN--IN THE NICK OF TIME--
THANK HEAVENS! LARRY!
YOU'LL BE FREE IN A MINUTE, SWEETHEART--JUST AS SOON AS I DESTROY THESE FIENDS!
FOOL! YOU SHALL BE OUR SECOND VICTIM OF THE NIGHT! A HUNTER LONG AGO LEARNED TO HURL THOSE STAKES TRUE AS A RIFLE'S SHOT! SHOULD YOU MISS JUST ONE OF US, YOU WILL DIE BY THE HAND OF THE OTHER!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, LARRY--DON'T MISS!
DON'T WORRY, DARLING! THAT HUNTER WAS ONE OF MY GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHERS! AND I WAS TAUGHT TO THROW A JAVELIN WHEN I WAS JUST A KID!
ESCAPE IF YOU CAN, FIENDS!
YAAAAAAHHH!
THWOK!
THAT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THEM, HONEY! NOW TO GET YOU FREE AND AWAY FROM HERE FOR GOOD!
I--I NEVER WANT TO SEE RAVENSWOOD OR AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE AGAIN!
THAT LANDSLIDE I STARTED AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE SHOULD DO THE TRICK! NO ONE WILL EVER COME NEAR THE PLACE, AND EVEN IF THEY DO, THEY WON'T KNOW THE SECRET OF THE CIRCLE OF BLOOD! I'M NEVER GOING TO MENTION IT TO ANYONE AGAIN!
AND I'LL NEVER BREATHE A WORD OF IT, DARLING! I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK ABOUT IT EVER! PROMISE ME YOU WON'T!
I CAN'T HELP MYSELF, SWEETHEART! AFTER ALL, YOU'VE GOT ME BEWITCHED!
The End
8





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The WEREWOLVES

MANFRED PEERED ANXIOUSLY up at the sun as he drove along the lonely Catskill Mountains road. There still remained about an hour before sunset, but he *had* to find a lodging place before then ...because after sunset, he turned into a werewolf. And in his wolfish state it was impossible to drive a car.

Wait...there was a likely looking place... a small, dilapidated inn set far enough off the road so that screams wouldn't be heard by passing motorists. Hurriedly, feeling strange, gnawing pangs gripping his vitals, Manfred pulled up in front of the inn.

Inside, a gaunt, hollow-cheeked man was seated in a chair, whittling on a block of wood.

"You the proprietor?" Manfred asked.

"Yep," the man said. "What can I do for you?"

"I'd like a room for the night, if you've got any left!"

"Wal, we got plenty o' rooms...it's been a bad winter, and not many travelers come into these parts in winter-time. In fact you're my first guest in three days...so you're mighty welcome. Would you like some dinner? You look mighty thin for a man your size."

"No, thanks," Manfred replied. "I'll just sit here for a while and watch the sunset."

The two men eyed each other grimly. "Strange," Manfred thought. "He looks so cadaverous, so pale...almost evil!" For no apparent reason he suddenly felt the most intense hatred for the man...a white hot fury which swept over him in powerful waves and left him tense with the anticipation of the horrible fate which would in a few minutes come to him.

The sun dropped low into the western sky, leaving only a bank of burning orange clouds on the horizon. "A fit setting," Manfred thought, "for the gruesome scene to be played in this room."

"Beautiful, ain't it?" said the proprietor as the sun's glowing rim dipped out of sight. "It's not often I meet a man who appreciates a sunset the way I do."

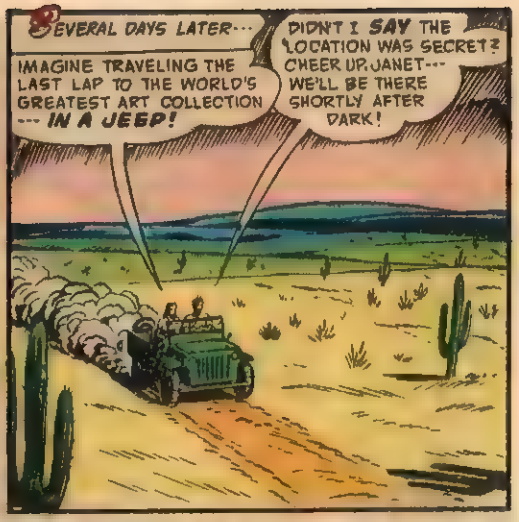
"The fool," thought Manfred. "This is the last sunset he will ever see." But now the moment was at hand. Already he felt the strange racing of his blood, the cold clamminess which seized his entire body just before the ghastly transformation into the form of a wolf. He turned his face quickly to the window, knowing that it would be the first part of him to undergo the hideous process. And he wanted the proprietor to suspect nothing...until the moment he whirled to strike with razor-sharp fangs.

An instant later, Manfred snarled, and turned to face his victim ... expecting him to be paralyzed with fear at the sight of a wolfish face above a human body. Instead, Manfred was startled by the sight which confronted his eyes...for the proprietor had changed also...*his* face was that of a snarling, ravenous wolf.

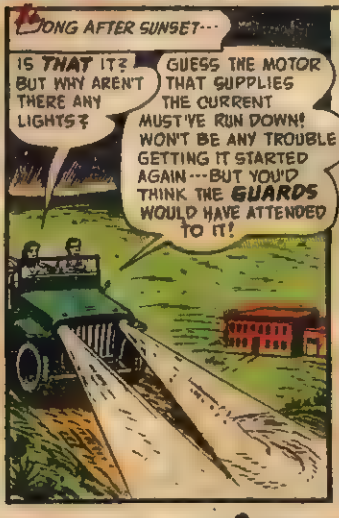
The brief moment of stunned astonishment proved Manfred's undoing...for the proprietor's still human arm flung his whittling knife with great accuracy and force straight at Manfred. As the blade pierced his heart, Manfred howled in agony and toppled to the floor...and his last thought was the bitter knowledge that he was about to become a victim of one of his own kind.

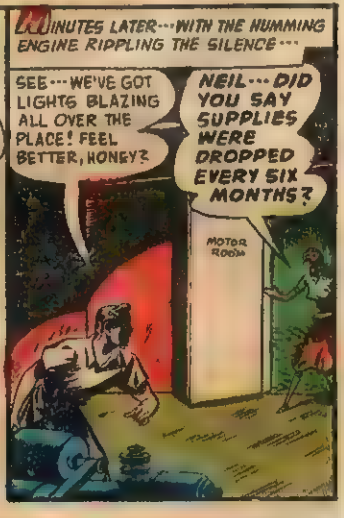
The EYES of TERROR
THOUSANDS OF ANCIENT ART OBJECTS WERE HOARDED IN A VAST UNDERGROUND WAREHOUSE---AND ONE OF THEM WAITED TO WREAK A CURSE NO HUMAN COULD ESCAPE! FOR THE GUARDS ISOLATED IN THE WEIRD DESERT STRONGHOLD, IT WAS LIKE A SENTENCE OF DEATH---WHEN ONE BY ONE ---THEY FACED THE EYES OF TERROR!
EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE A REPORTER FOR ONE OF THE HAYNES PAPERS, NEIL--- I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT THIS HAS GOT TO DO WITH YOUR TAKING A TRIP TO NEVADA!
YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET THE LOWDOWN, HONEY ---BECAUSE YOU'RE MIGHTY HEP ABOUT ART---AND I'VE TALKED MY EDITOR INTO LETTING ME TAKE ALONG A TECHNICAL ASSISTANT, MEANING YOU!
EVEN NO NEWS
WARREN RUDOLPH HAYNES, PUBLISHER AND ART COLLECTOR, DIES SUDDENLY!
IT'S WELL KNOW THAT THE BOSS SPENT MILLIONS OVER THE PAST FIFTY YEARS ON ART TREASURES! TONS UPON TONS OF IT FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD--- PILING UP IN SUCH AN IMMENSE CLUTTER THAT NOT EVEN HE EVER HAD TIME TO EXAMINE A LARGE PART OF IT! HIS ONE CONCERN WAS TO ENSURE THE SAFETY OF HIS HOARD---SO HE BUILT AN IMMENSE UNDERGROUND WAREHOUSE IN A REMOTE SECTION OF NEVADA!

CREEPERS··· IT'S JUST LIKE A PRIVATE MUSEUM, NEIL!
YEP···AND SECRET! THE GUARDS KEEP BUSY UNCRATING STATUARY AND THINGS···AND THEIR MAIL AND SUPPLIES ARE DROPPED BY HELICOPTER EVERY SIX MONTHS! BUT NOW THAT THE BOSS IS DEAD, THE HAYNES SYNDICATE WANTS A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THAT STUFF OUT IN THE DESERT···AND I GOT THE ASSIGNMENT!

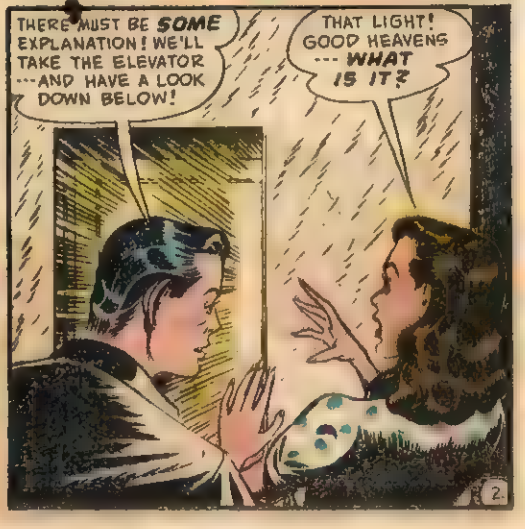

SEVERAL DAYS LATER···
IMAGINE TRAVELING THE LAST LAP TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST ART COLLECTION --- IN A JEEP!
DIDN'T I SAY THE LOCATION WAS SECRET? CHEER UP, JANET··· WE'LL BE THERE SHORTLY AFTER DARK!

MILE UPON MILE, THE BROODING WASTELAND UNFOLDS··· WITH BUZZARDS SOARING SLOWLY IN THE MOLTEN SKY!
HONEY···WHAT'S WRONG? I THOUGHT YOU WERE ALL HOPPED UP ABOUT THIS TRIP!
I WAS, NEIL ···BUT SOMEHOW I CAN'T GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE IDEA OF THE HAYNES COLLECTION IN SURROUNDINGS LIKE THIS! IT'LL BE LIKE A HUGE MORGUE ···CRAMMED WITH DEAD AND UNNAMED THINGS!


LONG AFTER SUNSET···
IS THAT IT? BUT WHY AREN'T THERE ANY LIGHTS?
GUESS THE MOTOR THAT SUPPLIES THE CURRENT MUST'VE RUN DOWN! WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE GETTING IT STARTED AGAIN···BUT YOU'D THINK THE GUARDS WOULD HAVE ATTENDED TO IT!

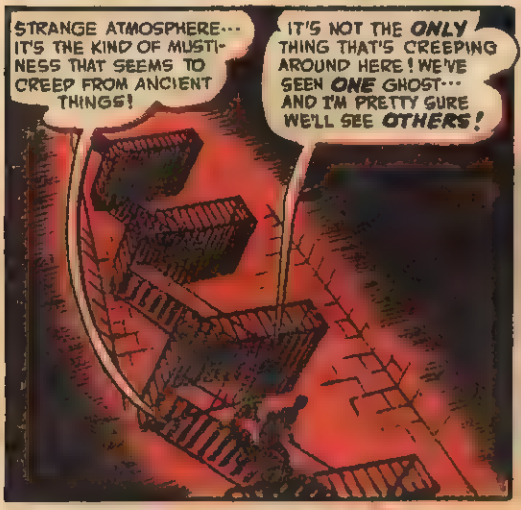

MINUTES LATER···WITH THE HUMMING ENGINE RIPPLING THE SILENCE···
SEE···WE'VE GOT LIGHTS BLAZING ALL OVER THE PLACE! FEEL BETTER, HONEY?
NEIL···DID YOU SAY SUPPLIES WERE DROPPED EVERY SIX MONTHS?
MOTOR ROOM

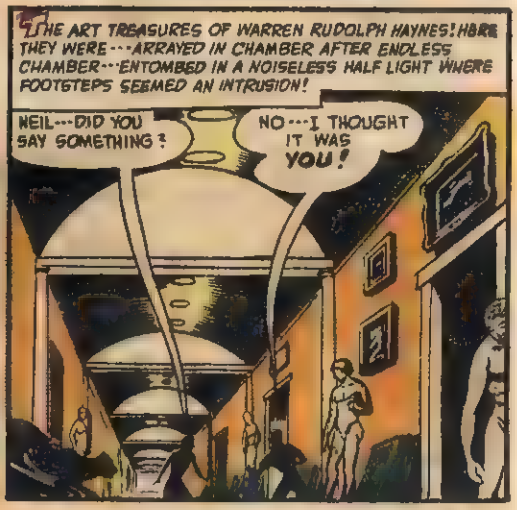
NO QUESTION ABOUT IT···THIS STUFF'S BEEN LYING AROUND FOR MONTHS!
INCLUDING MAIL··· THE VERY THING THE GUARDS WOULD BE WAITING FOR! THERE'S SOMETHING DREADFULLY WRONG HERE, NEIL!


THERE MUST BE SOME EXPLANATION! WE'LL TAKE THE ELEVATOR ···AND HAVE A LOOK DOWN BELOW!
THAT LIGHT! GOOD HEAVENS --- WHAT IS IT?

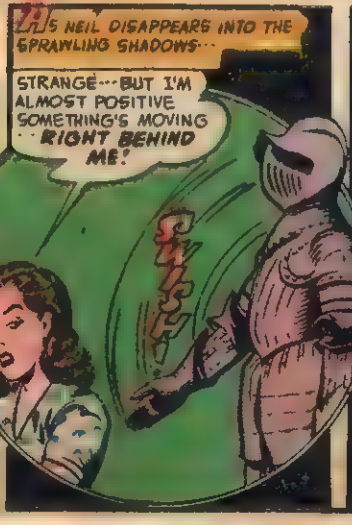
AS THE ELEVATOR SLOWLY DESCENDS···
YE GODS ··· A GHOST!

NOW I'M SURE THERE AREN'T ANY GUARDS AROUND···THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT TERROR!
YEP, THERE IS SOMETHING SUPER-NATURAL AT WORK···BUT NO RE-PORTER CAN RUN OUT ON A SETUP LIKE THIS! WE MAY BE TAKING A BIG CHANCE···BUT IF YOU'RE GAME···HOW ABOUT USING THE STAIRS?


STRANGE ATMOSPHERE··· IT'S THE KIND OF MUSTI-NESS THAT SEEMS TO CREEP FROM ANCIENT THINGS!
IT'S NOT THE ONLY THING THAT'S CREEPING AROUND HERE! WE'VE SEEN ONE GHOST··· AND I'M PRETTY SURE WE'LL SEE OTHERS!


THE ART TREASURES OF WARREN RUDOLPH HAYNES! HERE THEY WERE···ARRAYED IN CHAMBER AFTER ENDLESS CHAMBER···ENTOMBED IN A NOISELESS HALF LIGHT WHERE FOOTSTEPS SEEMED AN INTRUSION!
NEIL···DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?
NO···I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU!

LISTEN! IT'S COMING FROM UP AHEAD···A MUFFLED, MUTTERING VOICE!
BETTER WAIT HERE, HONEY ···WHILE I SEE WHAT IT IS!


AS NEIL DISAPPEARS INTO THE SPRAWLING SHADOWS···
STRANGE···BUT I'M ALMOST POSITIVE SOMETHING'S MOVING ···RIGHT BEHIND ME!
SWISH

THE ARMOR! NEIL··· NEIL!

EASY, JANET! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING INSIDE THAT TIN SUIT--- AND I'M THE INQUISITIVE TYPE!
CLUMP! CLUMP!
BLAM!
OHH!
IN A HAZY SWIRL···
IT'S DISAPPEARING! NEIL, I'VE HAD ENOUGH ···LET'S GET OUT OF THIS PLACE!
HONEY, WE CAN'T LEAVE NOW! I'M SURE THAT VOICE WE HEARD IS HUMAN ···I'VE TRACED IT TO ONE OF THE SPECIAL VAULTS··· AND I'VE GOT THE COMBI-NATION!
A MOMENT LATER···
THEY WON'T GET ME IN HERE! I'M SAFE··· I'M SAFE AS LONG AS I DON'T COME OUT!
MAYBE THAT IS A HUMAN TALKING··· BUT TO ME IT'S JUST AS TERRIFYING AS THOSE GHOSTS!
DO YOU SEE ANY-THING, JANET?
IT'S CROUCH-ING! LOOK OUT!
REN RUDOLPH HAYNES
JEWEL COLLECTION
YOU'VE GIVEN AWAY MY HIDING PLACE! I'LL KILL YOU!
GOOD LORD··· IT'S ONE OF THE
LET ME GO··· LET ME GO··· BEFORE THEY COME!
4

FOR A MOMENT, THE BABBLING FIGURE STRUGGLES WILDLY··· THEN, AS NEIL'S GRIP TIGHTENS···
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! THERE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE FIVE GUARDS HERE··· WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
THEY DISAPPEARED ···AND I KNOW WHERE! BUT I CAN'T REACH THEM··· THE GHOSTS WON'T LET ME··· THEY COME AFTER ME EVERY TIME I TRY!
YOU'VE SEEN THOSE GHOSTS, EH? HOW MANY?
FOUR! YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME··· YOU THINK I'M CRAZY··· BUT WATCH!
MOMENT LATER···
GREAT GUNS!
LOOK··· THEY'RE WAITING··· WAITING TO GET ME! I'M GOING BACK··· BACK TO WHERE IT'S SAFE!
NING T ANCIENT STATUARY
HE'S HIDING AGAIN··· AND CAN YOU BLAME HIM? A FEW MORE HOURS OF THIS ···AND I'LL BE A NERVOUS WRECK MYSELF!
EASY, JANET! THOSE PHANTOMS MAY LOOK TERRIFYING··· BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE CAN GET PAST THEM··· AND LEARN WHAT THEY'RE TRYING TO HIDE!
CLANG!
THAT'S IT··· KEEP MOVING! THEY'RE PRETTY GRUDGING ABOUT IT··· BUT THEY'RE BACKING AWAY!
STRANGE! IT'S PRETTY CLEAR THE GHOSTS DON'T WANT US TO ENTER··· BUT THEY'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING SINISTER TO STOP US!
I'M TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT! COULD BE THESE THINGS AREN'T EVIL··· AND IN THAT CASE··· THEY'RE TRYING TO KEEP US FROM SOMETHING THAT IS!
SO FAR··· ALL I CAN MAKE OUT, ARE STATUES!
BETTER STAY PUT ···UNTIL I FIND THE LIGHT SWITCH!
5.

THEN···LOOMING STARKLY IN THE HALF-LIGHT···
NEIL··· LOOK!
THERE'S NO MISTAKING THE UNIFORM! THEY'RE GUARDS···FOUR OF THEM···FACING IN THE SAME DIRECTION!
THEY CERTAINLY LOOK LIKE GUARDS, HONEY···BUT WHO KNOWS···MAYBE OLD MAN HAYNES HAD THEM CARVED AS A WHIM, AND STORED THEM HERE WITH THE REST OF THE JUNK!
WONDER WHAT THAT STATUE IS? LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIND THE MAIN SWITCH!
WAIT! THERE'S THAT GRATING NOISE AGAIN ···THE VAULT DOOR'S OPENING!
CRRREAK!
A MOMENT LATER···
THEY GOT PAST THE GHOSTS···THEY WENT INTO THAT CURSED PLACE···WHY CAN'T I?
GUESS WE SHOULD HAVE WATCHED HIM, JANET···HE'S SLIPPED OFF SOMEWHERE!
GOOD HEAVENS ···THAT YELL'S COMING FROM THE HALL WE JUST LEFT!
AARGH!
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE COULD HAVE HAPPENED?
HOLD IT! HE MUST HAVE TURNED THE LIGHTS ON FULL RIGHT AFTER HE RUSHED IN··· AND SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'D BETTER BE MORE CAUTIOUS!
OHH! THERE WERE JUST FOUR STONE GUARDS A MOMENT AGO, NEIL! NOW THERE'S A FIFTH ONE··· AND IT'S HIM!
CAREFUL! THEY'RE ALL LOOKING TOWARD ONE THING···THAT STATUE I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO EXAMINE!

GOOD HEAVENS! IS THAT WHY THE PHANTOMS TRIED TO FRIGHTEN US INTO LEAVING··· BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T WANT US LOOKING AT THE STATUE?
RIGHT! THEY'RE THE GHOSTS OF THE FOUR GUARDS WHO WERE TURNED INTO STONE! THEY DID THEIR BEST TO SCARE OFF THE FIFTH GUARD SO THAT HE WOULDN'T BE TRAPPED··· AND HE WENT HALF-CRAZY FROM FEAR··· THINKING THEY WERE AFTER HIM!
BUT NEIL··· WHAT KIND OF STATUE IS IT? HOW CAN IT CHANGE HUMANS INTO LIFELESS SLABS OF STONE?
I'VE GOT A STRONG HUNCH, HONEY··· AND THERE'S JUST ONE SAFE WAY TO PROVE IT··· WITH A REFLECTION!
IF WE HUG THE WALL, THE ANGLE WILL BE JUST ABOUT RIGHT··· BUT I'M WARNING YOU··· BETTER BRACE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK!
NO MIRROR EVER CAUGHT AN IMAGE LIKE THIS··· THE CARVED FEATURES OF EVIL··· AND EYES THAT WERE ALIVE!
GOOD LORD, NEIL··· WHO IS SHE?
EXACTLY WHO I THOUGHT SHE'D BE! MEDUSA IS WHAT THE ANCIENT GREEKS CALLED HER ··· THE GODDESS OF DOOM··· WHOSE STARE COULD TURN HUMANS INTO STONE ONCE THEIR GAZE MET HERS!
THAT STATUE'S CURSED, NEIL! IT'S SOMETHING FIENDISH··· WAITING THROUGH THE AGES FOR VICTIMS··· AND IT FOUND THEM WHEN THE GUARDS OPENED THE CRATE!
THERE'S ONE WAY TO ESCAPE ITS GAZE··· DARKNESS! AND ONCE I'VE SWITCHED OFF THE LIGHTS, THAT BLOCK OF STONE ON ROLLERS WILL BE JUST THE TICKET ··· BECAUSE I'M ENDING THE CURSE BY SMASHING THAT THING INTO FRAGMENTS!
A MOMENT LATER··· IN SEMIDARKNESS···
HERE'S THE PAYOFF, MEDUSA ···AND THANK HEAVEN YOU NEVER REACHED A PUBLIC MUSEUM!
CRASH!!
7

Then···RISING FROM THE SHATTERED STONE···
HA HA HA! YOU'VE FREED ME FROM THE STONE CONFINES IN WHICH THE ANCIENT GODS HAD PLACED ME! NOW I CAN ROAM AT WILL AGAIN···AND BLIGHT THE WORLD WITH MY STARE!
SHE'S COMING OUT INTO THE LIGHT! FOR PETE'S SAKE, HURRY···AND DON'T LOOK BACK!
I'VE GOT ALL I CAN DO TO LOOK THIS WAY! HERE COME THE GHOSTS AGAIN!
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THEIR BEING THE GUARDS' SPIRITS, NEIL···BECAUSE THIS TIME···THERE ARE FIVE OF THEM!
THEY'RE GOING TO TRY TO STOP MEDUSA··· AND NOW THAT SHE'S A PHANTOM···MAYBE THEY CAN!
GREAT GUNS···LOOK! THE GHOSTS ARE MERGING WITH THOSE STONE FIGURES OF THE GUARDS!
THEY WERE MY VICTIMS···WHAT HAVE I TO FEAR FROM THEM?
STONE HAD ONCE IMPRISONED MEDUSA···AND NOW IT CLOSES IN FROM ALL SIDES···WITH AN IMPACT NOTHING CAN WITHSTAND!
CRRRUNCH!
AAAGH!
IT'S HORRIBLE TO THINK OF THE FATE OF THOSE FIVE GUARDS, NEIL···BUT AT LEAST IT MEANT LEARNING ABOUT MEDUSA IN TIME! NOW BOTH HER EVIL SPIRIT AND HER DEADLY STARE ARE WHERE THEY BELONG ···IN THE PAST!
WE'LL HAVE TO REPORT THIS INCREDIBLE STORY TO THE POLICE, HONEY! BUT AS FAR AS THE PUBLIC'S CONCERNED, THERE ARE SOME THINGS IN THE HAYNES COLLECTION THEY'LL NEVER LEARN ABOUT ···FIVE STONE STATUES IN UNIFORM··· AND A SHATTERED GODDESS!
The End
8

This never happened to Your bike before!

The ALL new

U.S. ROYAL RIDER

"JET RIDE"

Quicker on the getaway...
faster on the straightaway...
exciting new Pedal Power!

- **Pedals twice as easy as any other balloon tire made!** Gives you Pedal Power that does what pedal-pumping once did. It's the "jet ride" design that does it! And you can coast **165% farther!**
- **Lasts Twice as Long** as ordinary bike tires! Extra-tough rubber tread backed up by 3 layers of Super-strong Rayon. That's what makes it last!
- **Maneuvers like a "Lightweight"**—Special Steering Treads (narrow and streamlined) for real bike control.
- **Grips and Holds the Road** in all directions! The new Royal Rider tread clings on the curves—stops on a dime!

Be the first in your neighborhood with Royal Riders. Step away from the gang with "Jet Ride" today!

US

U.S. ROYAL BICYCLE TIRES

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

OUT of the NIGHT to YOU!

MIDNIGHT HOLDS MANY mysteries for all men. Down through the ages, from out of the mists of antiquity itself, has come the concept of the *witching hour*...that dark and menacing interlude when witches ride abroad...when ghosts prowl from out of the Unknown and banshees cast their eerie howl into the teeth of the howling wind. This is the hour of Satan, with zombies, vampires and werewolves stealing through the blackness at the beck of their dread master. For all of us, it's the hour to bolt the doors against the peril of the nameless things without...to draw the blinds and, in the snug safety of our secure homes, read the fascinating and spine-tingling tales of vivid imagination that tell so thrillingly of these midnight specters.

And so, from out of the night...to *you*... we bring as weird and gripping a galaxy of supernatural stories as ever you've read. Here's an all-star issue which is guaranteed to captivate you and linger long in your memory. *"The Raven Sisters"* tells of a strange legend, to be spoken in hushed whispers...a tense legend of terror which breathes of the two dread sisters who sold their souls to prey on mortals. You'll chill to its astounding revelations, and shrink, spellbound, before the unworldly challenge of *"The Eyes of Terror"*. These are eyes such as we hope *you'll* never meet! Then, there's *"Monsters From The Ages"* ...a breathtaking and actionful yarn dealing with a horror which struck down through history...with buried evil which rose to live again! And rounding out a list of top thrillers is *"Terror In The Swamp"*...a rousing piece about an age-old menace which rose from the muck of a fear-ridden bog, haunting the souls of men! All in all...it's an issue you'll never forget!

But we won't be happy unless we know what *you* think of it! We want to know which story you liked best...and why! And we want you to tell us exactly what you'd like to see in future issues of *"Out Of The Night"*. Remember, this is *your* magazine, and you must be satisfied! Address your letters to *The Editor, "Out Of The Night"*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. We'll try to publish them as soon as we have space! Meanwhile, take a look at what a few of our *other* readers think!

"Dear Editor:-

As soon as I saw your new magazine, 'Out Of The Night' *on the newsstands, I knew I was in for a thriller...even the name excited me! But when I bought it...*wow! *I got more than I even expected! I'm a real fan of the supernatural and by now know a good thriller when I see one...and brother, I saw one when I saw* yours! *I'm never going to miss a single issue. I like stories about vampires and werewolves especially, but in your first issue,* all *were tops! All I can say is that if all your issues are as good as your first, you'll soon be* everybody's *favorite! Good luck!*

--M. Whitbeck, Binghamton, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I just finished reading 'Out Of The Night', *and I certainly believe it will go places! I read all comics of this sort, and yours is the best I've ever seen. In your future issues, let's have more of the* 'Vampire King' *sort of stories... and keep up the good work!*

--Earl Duarte, Campbell, Calif."

"Dear Editor:-

I want to congratulate you on your superb magazine, 'Out Of The Night'. *I've read many such comics, but yours tops them all. Thanks for publishing it!*

--G. Brotherston, Mimico, Canada."

OF THE MANY GRIM PUNISHMENTS INFLICTED ON WORSHIPPERS OF SATAN, THE MOST BLOOD-CHILLING WAS THAT OF THE **ANCIENT VIKINGS!** FOR THE DOOM OF THE "LONG SLEEP" MEANT ETERNAL BANISHMENT TO THE LIMBO OF EVERLASTING SUSPENSION BETWEEN **LIFE AND DEATH!** HERE'S A TERRIFYING TALE OF THREE SCIENTISTS WHO HAD TO COPE WITH THE STUPENDOUS FORCE THEY HAD AWAKENED IN THE DREAD FORMS OF THE ··

MONSTERS from the AGES

ON A BLEAK ARCTIC ISLE DURING THE LONG SUMMER SUN···

I BEG YOU, GO BACK **NOW!** AHEAD LIES GREAT DANGER!

ARE YOU CRAZY, GUIDE? SOON WE'LL BE ON THE BURYING SITE OF THOSE OLD VIKING EXPLORERS! **NOTHING** IS GOING TO STOP US!

A FEW MILES BEYOND···

RICK! NILA! **LOOK!** AN ANCIENT NORSE TABLET!

I WILL GO NO FURTHER! DO NOT TEMPT THE DARK FATES··· **FLEE!**

THREE MONTHS OF SEARCHING, YEARS OF PLANNING···AND NOW, AT LAST···WE'VE **FOUND** IT! WE'RE MAKING ARCHEOLOGICAL HISTORY!

IT IS THE TOMB OF THE **MONSTERS OF THE NIGHT! GO**···QUICKLY··· WHILE YOU CAN ···OR FACE CERTAIN DEATH!

PROFESSOR NEILSEN, THAT GUIDE WORRIES ME! WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY MONSTERS OF THE NIGHT?
IT'S SOME SILLY OLD LEGEND THAT STILL LINGERS IN HIS PEOPLE'S FOLK TALES, NILA! ALL THIS TABLET AMOUNTS TO IS A SORT OF "NO TRESPASSING" SIGN! THE NORSEMEN THAT PUT IT UP HAVE BEEN DEAD MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS! WE'VE NOTHING TO FEAR!
SUDDENLY, LIKE THE MOUTH OF A GREAT CREATURE YAWNING OPEN TO DEVOUR ITS PREY---
OHHH! HELP!
GREAT SCOTT! THAT ROCK SEEMED TO OPEN---AND SHE'S DISAPPEARING!
CRACK!
SHE'S--- GONE! AND THERE'S ONLY A BLANK WALL HERE NOW! QUICK, NEILSEN, GET THE TOOLS!
AGAIN, COMPLETELY WITHOUT WARNING, THE WEIRD ROCK DOOR SWINGS OPEN! THE TWO EXPLORERS CHARGE RECKLESSLY INTO THE GAPING BLACK CAVERN, AND---
OH, RICK! THANK HEAVENS! GET ME OUT OF THIS HORRIBLE PLACE!
IT'S---IT'S THE NORSE CRYPT--- THE LEGENDARY BURIAL CAVE OF THE VIKING EXPLORERS!
EVERYTHING IS FROZEN SOLID---IN PERFECT CONDITION--- INCLUDING THOSE COFFINS! RICK, WE'LL BE FAMOUS FOR THIS FIND!
I--- I'M SCARED! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
LATER---
QUITE A JOB, GETTING THESE COFFINS OUTSIDE! AND LOOK AT THOSE BODIES --- PERFECTLY PRESERVED BY THE ICE---AS THOUGH THEY HAD JUST DIED! AND THOSE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE COFFIN-LIDS---"---PUT TO THE LONG SLEEP AS EVILDOERS, YEAR 917 A.D.!"
I KNEW IT! EVILDOERS! I HAVE A FEELING SOMETHING AWFUL IS GOING TO HAPPEN!
YOU'RE JUST UPSET, NILA! COME ON, RICK, LET'S COVER THEM UP SO AS TO KEEP THEM OUT OF THE SUN!
THEY DO NOT NOTICE THE SLIGHT MOVEMENT---OF A LONG-DEAD ARM!
WE'LL HAVE TO SKID THESE COFFINS ALL THE WAY DOWN THE PLANE!
WELL, LET'S GET STARTED! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET BACK TO NEW YORK!
2

I---I DON'T THINK THIS IS SUCH A GOOD IDEA! THOSE CORPSES LOOKED TOO ALIVE TO SUIT ME!
YE GODS, NILA, CALM DOWN! YOU'RE GETTING PUNCHY FROM BEING UP HERE IN THE ARCTIC TOO LONG!
WELL, NILA, WE'RE FINALLY ON OUR WAY SOUTH! ISN'T IT GREAT TO BE ABOARD THE SILVER BULLET AGAIN?
IT SURE IS, RICK! I GUESS I'VE BEEN ACTING LIKE A CHILD! STILL, I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE'RE OUT OF THIS FLYING HEARSE!
AS THE HEAVILY-LOADED PLANE WINGS STEADILY SOUTHWARD---
LOOK! IT'S GETTING DARK AT LAST! WE'RE OUT OF THE ARCTIC AREA OF PERPETUAL SUMMER SUN!
AND DOES IT FEEL GOOD! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET SOME SHUT-EYE IN THE DARK FOR WEEKS, AND I'M GOING TO DO IT NOW ---EVEN IF THOSE DARNED COFFINS ARE IN THE CABIN!
AS NILA OPENS THE CABIN DOOR---
EEEEE! LOOK, RICK! THEY'RE---ALIVE!
GREAT SCOTT--- IT'S TRUE! NILA, TAKE OVER HERE! PROFESSOR, GET YOUR PISTOL OUT!
RICK, THEY---THEY'RE INHUMAN! WHAT CAN WE DO?
I DON'T KNOW--- YET! BUT I'M SURE GOING TO FIND OUT!
AS RICK ADVANCES, THE MIGHTY STRENGTH OF THE VIKING GIANT EXPLODES!
STOP! I'LL SHOOT! KILL! UNDERSTAND?
THE BULLETS ---THEY DON'T STOP THEM!
WHICH MEANS THEY'RE SUPERNATURAL! COME ON, GET BACK INTO THE COCKPIT!
BANG! BANG!
THAT INSCRIPTION SAID THEY'D BEEN PUT TO THE "LONG SLEEP" AS EVILDOERS! THAT MAY MEAN THAT THEY WERE---AND ARE---IN LEAGUE WITH SATAN HIMSELF! WE---WE'VE GOT TO TRY FOR A LANDING!
LAND? IN THE DARK? YOU'RE CRAZY, RICK!
3.

I'VE DROPPED A FLARE! GET YOUR SHOULDER AGAINST THAT DOOR···WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THOSE DEVIL'S SPAWN OUT!
THERE'S FLAT GROUND BELOW! MAYBE WE CAN LAND SAFELY!
HANG ON! ONE OF THOSE THINGS MUST HAVE BROKEN A RUDDER CABLE!
THE DOOR··· THEY'RE SMASHING IT TO SPLINTERS!
BAM!
BAM!
AS THE DAMAGED PLANE LOSES ALTITUDE···
PROFESSOR, GET THE ESCAPE HATCH OPEN! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH-LAND!
NOW RUN! DON'T WAIT FOR ME! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO LOSE THEM BEFORE THEY SMASH THEIR WAY OUT!
I···I CAN'T! I'M TOO SHAKEN···
WHAM!
WHAM!
AS THE FIRST RAYS OF SUNLIGHT BREAK OVER THE HORIZON···
LEAVE ME! SAVE YOURSELVES!
WH···WHAT'S HAPPENING? LOOK! THEY SEEM SUDDENLY FROZEN TO THE SPOT!
THE SUN MUST HAVE SAVED US! THEY SEEM POWERLESS ···AS IF IT'S EXERCISING SOME STRANGE MAGIC OVER THEM!
THEN···THEN THEY MUST BE LIKE VAMPIRES! THEY ONLY COME ALIVE IN DARKNESS!
THEN, MAYBE I CAN GET THE PLANE FIXED BEFORE NIGHT-FALL! WE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO ESCAPE!
I DON'T KNOW IF THESE ROCKS WILL HOLD THEM ···BUT WE'VE GOT TO TRY!
MAYBE IT WILL SLOW THEM UP··· GIVE US A LITTLE TIME!
AS THE HOURS HURRY SWIFTLY ON TOWARDS DARKNESS···
THERE! EVERYTHING'S DONE! GET INTO THE PLANE QUICKLY···THE SUN'S ALREADY BEGINNING TO SET!
HELP! IT'S TOO LATE··· THEY'RE MOVING!
4

THEY'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO THE PLANE IN TIME--- I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! YE GODS--- THE PLANE--- MAYBE IT'LL WORK!
I'M TAKING A LONG GAMBLE ON AN OLD WIVE'S TALE--- BUT IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE--- AND THEIRS!
--- THE GREAT ENGINES BEGIN TO ROAR---
HOLY SMOKE! I'VE GOT TO AVOID HITTING NILA AND THE PROFESSOR! WELL, HERE GOES --- RIGHT---
SILVER BULLET
--- NOW! RAISE NOSE, HANG ONTO CONTROLS --- AND PRAY!
WHIRR!
PERFECT! I GOT THEM BOTH--- BUT WILL THE IMPACT KILL THEM? I COULDN'T DO IT WITH ORDINARY BULLETS--- BUT---
WHAM!
IT'S DARK NOW--- AND THEY AREN'T MOVING! THAT MEANS I DID COME UP WITH THE ONE WEAPON THEY COULDN'T STAND UP AGAINST!
NILA--- YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!--- THANK GOODNESS!
YES, RICK--- WE'RE ALL SAFE NOW! BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT? HOW DID YOU GET RID OF THOSE CREATURES?
REMEMBER YOUR STUDIES IN ANCIENT SORCERY, HONEY? ALL SUPERNATURAL CREATURES CAN BE DESTROYED BY THE COUNTER-FORCE OF A SILVER BULLET! NOW--- LOOK AT OUR PLANE! REMEMBER WHAT I WELDED TO THE NOSE FOR GOOD LUCK?
A--- A SILVER BULLET! IT DESTROYED THOSE MONSTERS FROM OUT OF THE AGES--- AND IT SAVED OUR LIVES!
SILVER BULLET
THE END!

THE ARCHIVES OF THE SUPERNATURAL TELL US HOW OFTEN THE WORLD OF REALITY IS INVADED BY SATANIC CREATURES **FROM THE UNKNOWN!** BUT THERE ARE THOSE WHO DOUBT -- UNTIL THEY, TOO, COME FACE TO FACE WITH INCARNATE EVIL! OUR STORY CONCERNS SUCH A SCEPTIC -- ONE WHO HAD TO PAY THE TERRIBLE PRICE OF KNOWING THE FULL HORROR OF ..

TERROR in the SWAMP!

ON THE ISLAND OF KUMBANI IN THE VAST PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO, A NATIVE WORK STOPPAGE BRINGS A HALT IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF AN IMPORTANT JUNGLE HIGHWAY...

WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS, BOYA! WE HAVE A CONTRACT! WE PAY YOUR MEN WELL, AND I **DEMAND** THAT THEY GET BACK TO WORK!

EASY, STAN! LET'S HEAR **THEIR** SIDE OF IT!

MY PEOPLE WILL NOT GO ON! THE ROAD YOU BUILD LEADS TO THE GREAT SWAMP-- THE HOME OF THE TERRIBLE **TIGBANUAS!** TO ENTER IT MEANS CERTAIN DEATH!

SO **THAT'S** IT!

WHO THE DEVIL ARE THESE TIGBANUAS? IF THIS IS MORE OF YOUR NATIVE SUPERSTITION, I'LL--
THE TIGBANUAS ARE REAL! THEY ARE POSSESSED--MONSTERS OF GREAT EVIL! I HAVE SEEN THEM WITH MY OWN EYES!
YOU'RE A LYING DOG, BOYA! YOU'VE COOKED THIS WHOLE THING UP! YOU'RE FORCING A WORK STOPPAGE, SO YOU CAN GET MORE MONEY!
NO, IF YOU PAID US DOUBLE, WE WOULD NOT STAY!
TONIGHT IS OUR LAST NIGHT IN CAMP! IF YOU ARE WISE, YOU WILL GO TOO--WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME!
THAT NIGHT, INSIDE THEIR TENT...
THEY'VE GOT US OVER A BARREL, LARRY! EVEN IF WE COULD GET A NEW CREW, THEY'D PROBABLY BACK DOWN JUST LIKE THESE! THINK OF IT--TWO YEARS OF HARD WORK STYMIED BY SUPERSTITIOUS RUBBISH!
YOU CAN'T CALL IT RUBBISH.. NOT DEFINITELY!
SO NOW THEY'VE GOT YOU BELIEVING IT!
I DON'T KNOW, STAN! THIS OLD WORLD OF OURS IS A STRANGE PLACE! PLENTY OF THINGS ARE GOING ON THAT SCIENCE CAN'T EXPLAIN! THE TIGBANUAS COULD BE ONE OF THEM! MIND YOU, I ONLY SAY IT COULD BE!
AND AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE NEARBY SWAMP, A SUCKING NOISE FILLS THE AIR, AS OOZING MUD GIVES WAY TO A BRUTISH, HULKING FORM...
WITH MONSTROUS STRIDES AND PLODDING GAIT, IT LUMBERS TOWARD THE SLEEPING CAMP.
2

MOMENTS LATER
AIIII-III!
TIGBANUA! TIGBANUA!
AMID A FLOOD OF TERRIFYING SCREAMS, THE TWO WHITE MEN DASH FROM THEIR TENT. .
WHAT'S COME OVER 'EM? THEY'RE ACTING CRAZY!
I DON'T KNOW, STAN! BUT IT LOOKS BAD!
AIII-III
YIIIII!
WHAT'S HAPPENED, BOYA? STOP CHATTERING AND TALK!
TH--THE TIGBANUA! IT HAS C-COME!
DON'T START THAT AGAIN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE WORK OF A PROWLING LEOPARD! I'LL PROVE YOUR SUPERSTITION IS A PHONY, ONCE AND FOR ALL!
WHAT DO YOU PLAN DOING?
THEY WON'T COME WITH US, SO WE'LL DO IT ALONE! LOAD UP A PAIR OF RIFLES, LARRY! WE'RE HEADING FOR THAT SWAMP, RIGHT NOW!
DEEP IN THE TREACHEROUS JUNGLE...
THIS IS A STRANGE-LOOKING PLACE, STAN! I'VE NEVER SEEN A SWAMP LIKE IT BEFORE!
SO WHAT? JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR TRACKS!
3

WAIT ! NO POINT IN BOTH OF US COVERING THE SAME TRAIL ! YOU TAKE THE RIGHT FORK, AND I'LL TAKE THE LEFT !
OKAY ! IF EITHER FINDS SOMETHING, A RIFLE SHOT WILL BE THE SIGNAL !
PADDING CAUTIOUSLY ALONG THE TWISTING TRAIL, LARRY MAKES A SHOCKING DISCOVERY...
TRACKS ! BUT WHAT COULD HAVE MADE THEM ? IT'S NEITHER ANIMAL NOR HUMAN !
I'D BETTER-- WHA--? WHO-- WHO ARE YOU ?
THAT YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT !
Y-YOUR EYES-- THEY BURN SO ! I'M LOSING CONTROL OF MY BODY !
NOW YOU WILL FOLLOW ME ! THE OTHERS ARE WAITING ! WE MUST JOIN THEM QUICKLY !
YES, I MUST FOLLOW YOU-- FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE !
HURRY ! THE MOMENT IS NEAR ! FASTER !
DEEP WITHIN THE SWAMP, THE GATHERING MONSTERS FORM A HOSTILE RING !
WAIT, DEMONS ! THIS ONE IS NOT TO DIE ! HE IS TO BE ONE OF US ! BRING THE DRINK !
SECONDS LATER...
ALL IS READY ! I PLACE THE CUP TO YOUR LIPS ! DRINK --AND BE ONE OF US !
YES, I WILL DRINK ! I OBEY !

AND WHEN THE BITTER CUP IS DRAINED TO THE DREGS...
A SHORT WHILE LATER.
LARRY! WHAT HAPPENED! HOW'D YOU GET BACK HERE?
I I DON'T KNOW! SOME KIND OF DREAM-- AWFUL! G-GET ME BACK TO CAMP-- HURRY!
BUT THE NEXT 24 HOURS ARE A WHIRLPOOL OF RAGING FEVER AND NIGHTMARE FANTASIES!
IT'S THE CALL! I HEAR IT! THEY WANT ME... WANT ME!
HE'S GETTING MORE DELIRIOUS EVERY MINUTE! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S SAYING!
NO, YOUR FRIEND SPEAKS THE TRUTH! HIS IS NO ORDINARY FEVER... HE IS A VICTIM OF THE TIGBANUAS!
I TOLD YOU TO CLEAR OUT WITH THE OTHERS! NOW I'LL THROW YOU--
LOOK-- HIS FACE! THE CHANGE HAS ALREADY BEGUN!
YE GODS--IT CAN'T BE! LARRY!
THE CALL! I MUST GO--MUST JOIN THEM!
HOLD ON, LARRY! YOU CAN'T GO OUT THERE-- OW-WW!
HE'S GONE! I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER HIM! I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!
YES, BUT NOT BEFORE WE HAVE PREPARED OURSELVES! THE TIGBANUA IS NO ORDINARY CREATURE! PROPERLY ARMED, WE HAVE A CHANCE OF SAVING HIM, AND OURSELVES AS WELL!

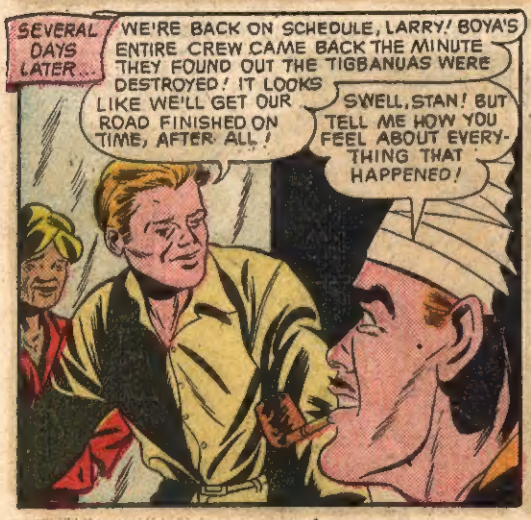
A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN THE INNERMOST DEPTHS OF THE STEAMING SWAMP...
I HAVE COME! SPEAK AND I OBEY!
IN A NEARBY THICKET...
THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE MUD! IT--IT'S INCREDIBLE!
NOW IS THE TIME TO DESTROY THEM! HURRY-- TAKE THE DYNAMITE FROM YOUR PACK!
I'VE GOT ENOUGH HERE TO BLOW UP AN ARMY! WHAT'S THAT? I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!
NO! SHE'S REAL! LOOK, SHE'S CALLING TO ME! I MUST GO TO HER!
WAIT! YOU MUSTN'T! HER EYES FLASH ONLY DEATH -- OR WORSE!
AS STAN ADVANCES, HIS WILL ENSLAVED BY HYPNOTIC EVIL, BOYA SPRINGS FORWARD BRANDISHING A STRANGE PLANT...
SEE HOW THE CURSED FIEND DRAWS BACK! HER MAGIC SHRINKS BEFORE THE GREAT POWER OF THE RHAMNUS PLANT! LOOK, SHE CHANGES ALREADY!
AIII-III!
BEHOLD! THE LEADER OF THE TIGBANUAS! THE SOURCE OF ALL THEIR EVIL!
THE SPELL-SNAPPED, STAN QUICKLY LIGHTS THE FUSE...
SHE HAS CALLED HER PACK! QUICKLY-- BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
HERE GOES!

LIKE THE GROTESQUE DENIZENS OF A MADMAN'S DREAM, THE FIENDISHLY CACKLING MONSTERS OF THE STEAMING SWAMP ADVANCE -- WAVE UPON WAVE! THEN...

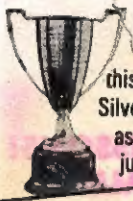
BOOM!

SECONDS LATER...
THEY ARE ALL DEAD! THE TIGBANUAS ARE DESTROYED!
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO LARRY, FAST! COME ON!

HE'S BREATHING! HE'S ALIVE!
YES, AND THE MARK OF THE TIGBANUA IS GONE! BY DESTROYING THEM, WE HAVE DRIVEN THEIR CURSE FROM HIS BODY!


SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
WE'RE BACK ON SCHEDULE, LARRY! BOYA'S ENTIRE CREW CAME BACK THE MINUTE THEY FOUND OUT THE TIGBANUAS WERE DESTROYED! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL GET OUR ROAD FINISHED ON TIME, AFTER ALL!
SWELL, STAN! BUT TELL ME HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED!

I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON! LIKE YOU SAID, LARRY-- THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH UNEXPLAINABLE HAPPENINGS! ONE THING FOR SURE -- I'LL NEVER BE A SCEPTIC AGAIN!
The End



YOU can WIN this big 15" Silver Trophy as Roger just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D'Hirsch

ROGER HIRSCH was an 112 lb. 6 ft. weakling LOOK AT HIM NOW!

Aren't YOU as SICK and Tired as I was of being SKINNY?

CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINDED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

Then do as I did... MAIL THE COUPON BELOW

I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM
And the rest in proportion — ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS by using the JOWETT SYSTEM for building Real HE-MEN

Come on, PAL, Now YOU give me **10** pleasant Minutes a Day in your own home . . . and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says GEORGE F. JOWETT
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

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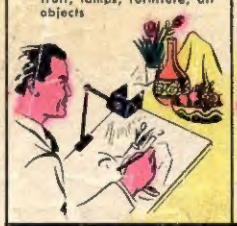

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